



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XIV.

THE subject of my last number led me into reflections on the nature of that principle which prompts us to the performance of good actions; a principle which is expressed by but *one* word in our language; that word is LOVE, a word which admits of no synonyma. However contracted its common import may be, by the prevalence of custom; or however debased, by the circumscribed views of sexual considerations, its true meaning is too extensive to be expressed by any other term, and too nearly of a divine nature, to find its parallel in language.

I was lately delighted with the explanation of this word, in a translation of the New Testament, by GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A. It is given in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians; and it is possible that the chapter, as by him translated, may be as pleasing to some others as to myself; I will therefore give it entire.—It is as follows:

"Now ye are ambitious of the greater gifts: I will shew you, therefore, a much better way for your ambition: for, though I speak with the languages of men and of angels, and have not *love*, I am but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And, though I have a gift of teaching, so as to understand all the mysteries and all the knowledge of the gospel; and, though I have all its faith, so as to remove mountains; but have not *love*, I am nothing. Yea, though I give in portions all my substance to nourish others; and though I give up my body, so as to have cause of boasting; but have not *love*, I am benefitted nothing. This *love* is forbearing and kind; this *love* quarrelleth not; this *love* is not rash, nor puffeth itself up, nor becometh with indecorum, nor seeketh its own advantage, nor is easily provoked, nor thinketh upon evil, nor rejoiceth in falsehood, but rejoiceth in the truth: is contented at all times, full of trust at all times, full of hope at all times, patient at all times. This *love* will never fail; whereas teaching will be done away, languages will be silent, and knowledge will be destroyed. For our

knowledge is imperfect, and our teaching is imperfect:—but, when perfection is come, then will these imperfections be done away. So whilst I was a child I talked as a child, I had the dispositions of a child, I reasoned like a child; but, when I became a man, I left off these manners of the child. For now indeed I see through a glass with uncertainty; but then I shall see face to face: now I know imperfectly; but then I shall know others, as they have also known me. So then there continueth faith, hope, *love*; these three: but the best of these is *love*. Follow after this *love*."

If every individual were to form his own moral character, by the description given in this chapter of the genuine *principle* of love, artificial misery would be exiled from among the children of men. The passion and the principle are distinct in their natures; the passion of love, leads us into the search of objects to please ourselves: the principle stimulates to the performance of those duties which render not only ourselves but others happy. The passion is the child of natural desires; but the principle is the offspring of goodness.

As a PASSENGER, I shall give occurring incidents; as an Observer, I shall sometimes present my remarks upon them, but the latter will always, like this number, be contracted; for I am fully aware, that to a considerable portion of readers, the *conciseness* of moral remarks is their only charm.

FOR THE HIVE.

How strange it is that people will apply, Things to themselves, altho' perhaps, not meant; Each giddy maiden asks, "can it be I, On whom proud *Lucy's* venom'd spleen is spent!"

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREAR,

THE best and surest method of discovering whether or not a charge rests on the basis of truth is to give it publicity, without making it plain or explicit. The innocent will rest secure, heedless of the storm; whilst the guilty, experiencing the pang of self-condemnation, will writhe under the excruciating torture of conscience. They never fail to be exposed to public view by an awkward defence of others, or, a sense-

less vindication of themselves. Though, perhaps not even alluded to, they think they alone are pointed at. They think they alone are meant, though not even one suspects them!—The reason is obvious—their internal monitor is aroused from his lethargy! They read—they stare!—Is it possible!—can it be me to whom this is applied!—Have I done so, and so!—Let me consider! Aye sure enough—I well remember the circumstances of what I am here charged with! It is the truth to be sure; but I think it ungenerous that such truths should be publicly made known. I will, therefore, the better to screen myself from guilt, feign innocence; and, whilst I am pleading my own cause, affect to espouse the cause of others!—Those sensations are positive proof that the *cap* fits.

My last was not alluded to a number of those ladies who have thought proper to take it upon themselves; but since "the shoe fits them, they are welcome to wear it." As I anticipated, numbers found their heads exactly formed for the *caps*; and as exactly the *caps* have fitted them. That one, at least, found her pate congenial to its model, the much-interested defence of Miss *Adela* is ample testimony! Though, she says "some workmen have so little skill, that they spoil the best materials;" yet her own assertions demonstrate that, admitting they were rendered useless, they were not spoiled in vain, nor entirely misapplied!—The cap must have fitted otherwise she would not have put it on.

The "loud-croaking" *Adela*, in defence of the coquette, (whom she likewise deems "the most despicable being in existence;") has exhibited an amazing stock of argumentative powers!—she knows that *unintelligible morality* is not included in *ethics*, or the doctrine of *morality*! What wonderful, what deep-read logic!—Sure this young Miss, in the plenitude of her sagacity, will soon be able to tell us that the court-house stands in the centre of the borough; that, because it has a steeple, it is not to be considered a private house; and that, though the market-house and public-office are joined together, it is no reason they should be one and the same thing.—What a surprising penetration!

of mind!—What a *very very* wise man her teacher must have been; or she a *very very* apt scholar?—From this it is evident the *cap* was placed on a head remarkable for wisdom!!

Her hodgepodge production of *satire* and *wit* says, "a marked decision never entered into the composition of coquetry!" This I am aware of: The *learned* Miss might have saved herself the trouble of attempting to pervert the meaning I wished to convey. I will now, in apprehension of further misrepresentation, explain it: When I mentioned the preference given, by some of the young ladies, to the *fribble*, or *fop*, I did not mean that the mechanic was entirely excluded their company; on the contrary, that he was fed with delusive hopes, flattered, when present, with kind words, and captivating glances; and, when absent, ridiculed and reviled.—This conduct smells very strong of coquetry, the warm, and confident assurances of the amiable *cap-wearer*, to the contrary notwithstanding!

She insinuates it were improper to "dig at the fountain to remove the muddiness of the stream." These are indeed metaphorical expressions; but, are believed to partake of the nature of "unfortunate philosophy!"—To be concise, I would wish to inform the very learned logician, that unless the filthiness of the fountain is removed, by digging at the bottom, it is impossible that the stream, which issues therefrom, should be clear or limpid!—How can she imagine that pure water can spring from a defiled source!

If I have abused one of those classes of men in which, the dispassionate *Adela*, "feels herself much interested," by asserting that the *bucks* are mostly idlers; I can afford her small consolation. Believing it to be the truth, I cannot, consistent with reason, condescend to make any apology.—

Desirous of impressing a belief, that all I have heretofore stated has been perverse and malicious, this *dear* Miss *Adela* says she "has been with me, for years, in the most intimate habits of friendship;" that I am possessed of various desultory, violent, and injurious passions; that I am full of sarcasm, and slander; and in short, possessed of all that constitutes an evil and contemptible disposition.—Whether, or not, she knows me, I will not pretend to say; but this much I am confident of, that, under the signature of *Adela*, I have not the *honor* of her acquaintance! That I am not possessed of the evil qualities she ascribes to me, those who, in reality, have long since known me, can I hope, with truth, substantiate. She likewise says I want a husband! Ha! ha! ha! she knows more about my desires than I do. But, Miss *Adela* "remember that truth is a golden trafficking, which should ever ornament the breast of a woman!"—This looks a little like scourging you with your own weapon!

Although this self-important young lady considers me in the light of seeking a husband; that, with a view of captivating the mechanic, I espouse his cause: "that my best chance of getting a husband is by giving a preference to those who will be least able to perceive my constitutional defects;" yet, though she considers them in the ridiculous point of view of being all undiscerning and ignorant, I would have her to know, there are mechanics in this borough, who possess abilities, unrefined by a classical education, as great, if not greater, than some of the so called gentlemen of the ton. Those, though neither expense, time, nor careful attention by their teachers have been spared, still have the misfortune of coming under the denomination of *woodenheads*, or *num-skulls*! As a proof of the illiterature of some of our modern *tippies*, I subjoin the following billetdoux, written by one of them to a young lady:

Dere inesteeable Miss,

I beg leve that I hop for haven they honner of yure cumpiny this evenen at the hous off Miss—yure presants will give me the gratest pleshure, that can be immaginible on the fase of this terakkious gloab—I shall ever have the honner to be yure luffing

DICK TRIM.

Miss —.

If the coquette's cause has no abler vindicator, or more formidable champion, than Miss *Adela*, the contest, I apprehend, will soon draw to a conclusion. She certainly knows that a bad cause requires an able support, to make it withstand, but for a moment the onset of truth: If that cannot be afforded, it totters to its basis; and meets with its premeditated downfall. As for myself Messrs Printers, embarked in the cause of truth, I dread not the censure of an host of scribblers. Resting secure encompassed with its impenetrable mound, I will rear up the fabrick of an independent mind; and, from its daring turrets, bid defiance to the storms of ireful opposition, or the tumultuous billows of misconstruction! LUCY.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE CONDUCT OF MEN TOWARDS THE FAIR SEX.

EVERY generous man should view the sentiments and actions of the fair sex in the most favorable light. I can ascribe the contrary practice to nothing but an unmanly spirit, since, in many cases, those guilty of it cannot vindicate themselves consistently with the laws of delicacy. Nature has made man the protector; and the fair sex require his protection: he who should refuse this, when necessary, would be reproached with cowardice; and much more if he should take advantage of their weakness. But is not he who injures a woman's character, to be esteemed as great a coward as he who

assaults her person? Certainly he is: the former is an insult on the modesty, and the latter upon the natural weakness of the sex.

There is but one way in which we can suppose a lady may vindicate herself from a false imputation, and that is by the tenor of her actions. But then, how liable are actions to be misconstrued! When once a slanderous tongue has given the clue, the world will be too apt to ascribe every thing to a wrong principle; even the candid are sometimes misled, & form suspicions which their honor would otherwise have prevented.

The practice of viewing the female conduct in an unfavorable light, subjects the sex to many disadvantages, which I have observed in the course of my acquaintance.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE SEXES.

It is maintained that men are most impetuous, but that females are most deeply affected with the tender passion; that, if they have not recourse to the pistol or the rope, they will probably survive the agonies of disappointment, under which the softest sex will gradually pine and die. These considerations have induced a French author to remark, that women consider love as the serious business of life, and men render it subordinate to many others. It is, however, universally deemed to be the providence of man, first to declare his passion; and it is universally expected, that the female should receive the declaration with modest coyness, and experience some degree of struggle with her delicacy before she acknowledges the passion to be reciprocal. The female has, in general, a stronger affection for every thing she pursues, than men, who are frequently impelled to act from necessity. She always follows her inclination in the discharge of her social and domestic duties, as well as in the pursuit of pleasure, elegant accomplishments, or of literature; and those who are of a scientific turn, compensate for any defect in extent of erudition, or depth of investigation by brilliancy of language, and beauty of sentiment. They are supposed to be much fonder of ornaments than those of the other sex, who are not reputed fops; and, it is said, that they more deeply resent any neglect or slight of their persons. They are warmer in their friendship. If slighter incidents more easily discompose their tempers, this is abundantly recompensed by their superior patience under severer trials. In cases of extreme danger and difficulties, they have not only been equal to the support of their own spirits, but they have set an example of heroic courage to their desponding lords. But it is also allowed, that when the female mind becomes thoroughly depraved, it greatly surpasses the other sex in cruelty, revenge, and even enormity; which is justly supposed to elucidate the common proverb, *corruptia optima est pessima*.

INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY ANTIPATHIES.

HENRY of Heer, obs. 29, speaks of a young woman of Namur, who was very uneasy, and seemed ready to faint away, every time she heard the sound of a bell.

John Keller, rector of Weilk, a small village of Silesia, every time he saw served up at table a sort of pastry made of the flesh of a smoked hog (a very common dish of meat in that country, and very agreeable to the taste of the inhabitants) burst out into such immoderate fits of laughter, that he would have died laughing, if it was not immediately removed out of his sight.

Bertholine, Cent. IV. relates another fact of the same kind, which had been communicated to him by Dr. Borrichius, who, being in England, had heard the celebrated Boyle say, that the harsh and disagreeable sound of a knife, whetting on a grindstone, never failed making the gums bleed of a servant he then had.

There was a young woman at Schelestan, in Germany, who (as M. Fehr relates, in his account of her case, to the Academy of the Curious) had conceived, for sixteen years, such an aversion for wine and every thing relating to it, that she could take no remedies in which were either the salt or cream of tartar, spirit of wine, &c. And if it happened, without knowing of it, that she had taken any thing of the like, a sweat overspread her whole body, with anxieties, oppressions and weakness. This young woman, notwithstanding, was formerly accustomed to drink wine.

John Peckman, a learned divine, could not, from his earliest youth, hear the floor swept; without being immediately uneasy, which was soon followed by a difficulty of breathing; continual sighs, and a dread of being suffocated. Once, at his prayers, being surprised by the sweeping of an adjoining room, he grew pale and restless, sweated abundantly, and having opened his window, gaped at the air with great greediness, fetching at the same time very deep groans; and he would often jump out of the window, if he perceived his servant-maid following him with a broom. In the public streets, if contrary to his expectation the ground was scraped or swept, he was wont to run away, as if mad; and even assisting at public disputations, if to disturb him, the ground was rubbed at a distance with the ferrel of a cane, so as that the noise might reach his ears, he was obliged to fly for it, or open the next window for air; so that it was certain that his aversion was not in the least feigned or pretended. Perhaps from his inability he could not endure this noise, as very disagreeable to him; and that afterwards, either by disturbing, thwarting, threatening, or striking him, this antipathy was still increased; according to the maxim, "We all eagerly seek after what we are forbid-

den, and wish for what we are refused." Thus, the more we contradicted, the more his imagination, under the appearance of an evil, or a thing contrary to nature, had conceived a horror against brooms.

A woman of Batavia could never handle or keep in her hands any thing made of iron, as nails, needles or the like, without being all over immediately bathed in sweat.—Otherwise, whatever motion she made, not the least drop of sweat appeared on her body; and she was even all the time cold, as is usual to women of her country, for her grandmother was a Japanese.

AMUSING.

ANECDOTES OF SAADI, THE PERSIAN.

THIS excellent poet and philosopher was born at Schiraz, the capital of Persia Proper, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Being driven from his country by the ravages of the Turks, he wandered through various scenes during a period of forty years, and was at length taken prisoner by the Franks in the Holy-Land, and condemned to work on the fortifications at Tripoli. A merchant of Aleppo redeemed him from slavery, and gave him, with a hundred sequins, his daughter's hand in marriage: but her petulance and ill-humor rendered him more miserable than he had ever been during his long and painful captivity. One day she tauntingly asked him whether he was not the slave her father had redeemed for ten sequins. "Yes," replied he, "but he sold me again for one hundred."—Having a friend, who, being suddenly elevated to an important post, was resorted to, and complimented, by all the citizens, except Saadi; "These people," said he, "crowd around him merely on account of his dignity; but I shall go when his office has expired, and then I am sure I shall go alone."—A man who had left the society of the Dervises for that of the Philosophers, asked him what difference he thought there was between their characters. "Both of them," replied he, "swim across a turbulent stream with their respective brethren: the Dervise separates himself from the rest, to swim with greater safety, and arrives in solitude on shore: but the, true Philosopher continues in society, ready to lend a helping hand to his brethren in distress."—To point out the mischief arising from envious minds, to persons whose merit alone entitles them to the general confidence of mankind, Saadi related the following ingenious fable of a Fox.

"A person one day observing a Fox running with uncommon speed to earth, called out to him. "Hey, Reynard, where are you running in such a hurry? Have you been doing any mischief, for which you are apprehensive of punishment?"—"No Sir," replied the Fox! "my conscience is perfect-

ly clear, and does not reproach me with any thing: but I have just overheard the hunters, wish they had a Camel to hunt this morning."—"A Camel! why how does that concern you? You are not a Camel."—"Oh, my good Sir," replied the Fox, "are you not aware that sagacious heads have always enemies at their heels? and if one should point me out to these sportsmen, and cry, *There runs a Camel*, they would immediately seize me, without examining whether I, was readily the kind of animal the informer had described me to be."

CHARM OF A SNAKE.

THE following very curious fact is communicated by a respectable gentleman in the neighborhood of Blandford. We give the relation in the writer's own words:—

"James Cox, Mr. Grosvenor's under-keeper, in his road to speak to me last Friday, (the 5th inst.) heard an old partridge in distress, over the hedge in a piece of oats, and judging that some enemy was among her young, he leaped over to examine into the matter; but seeing nothing, and still finding the old bird running around in the same continued distress, he looked more minutely among the corn, and at last found a large snake in the midst of the infant brood—And willing to see if any mischief had been done, he immediately cut open the snake's belly, when to his inexpressible astonishment, two young partridges ran from their horrid prison, and joined their distressed mother, apparently very well; and two others were found in the same rapacious maw, quite dead. Strange as this may appear, it is not more curious than really true!"

Lond. Post.

REMARKABLE MANIAC.

IN the mad-house, at Aix-la-Chapelle is an insane man, whose madness has been subject to surprising and periodical changes. He has been shut up there for fifteen years.—For the three first years he never spoke a word but was continually silent.—During the three following he seldom ceased to speak either night or day. Afterwards he laughed for three years, and in such a violent manner, that he often fell into convulsions. When this period was over, he began to whistle from morning to night, from night to morning, so that many persons apprehended that want of rest must kill him. It will soon be three years since he began to cry in such a manner, that he has already lost the sight of one eye, and should he not soon leave it off, he must probably in a short time be entirely blind. He is thirty-five years of age, but looks as if he had passed three score and ten. His only food for the last fifteen years has been, in every 24 hours, two small slices of bread; and his only drink two glasses of water.

POETRY.

[In the following beautiful fable, the poet alludeth to the arts of men, who by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for innocence. The BARD, moreover, sheweth, that prudence may smile at the machinations of a great rogue.]

THE YOUNG FLY, AND THE OLD SPIDER.

A FABLE.

FRESH was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
As POETS tell us, whisper'd through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wings so light:
PHOEBUS got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country-house and spire,
And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a spider who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art upon a spangled thorn;
At length, with gravely, squinting, longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young fly
Humming her little orisons to morn.

‘Good morrow, dear miss FLY,’ quoth gallant GRIM;

‘Good morrow, sir,’ reply’d miss FLY to him—

‘Walk in, miss, pray, and see what I’m about;’

‘I’m much oblig’d t’ye, sir,’ miss FLY rejoind—

‘My eyes are both so very good, I find,

‘That I can plainly see the whole, without.’

‘Fine weather, miss.’—‘Yes, very fine,’

Quoth miss.—‘Prodigious fine, indeed—

‘But why so coy?’ quoth GRIM, ‘that you decline

‘To put within my bow’r your pretty head?’

‘Tis simply this,’

Quoth cautious miss—

‘I fear you’d like my pretty head so well,

‘You’d keep it for yourself, sir, who can tell?’

‘Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear;

‘And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.’—

‘I’ve a sore finger, sir, nay more, I fear

‘You really would not let it go again.’

‘Poh, poh, child pray dismiss your idle dread;

‘I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—

‘Well then with one kind kiss of friendship meet me.’

‘La, sir,’ quoth miss, ‘with seeming artless tongue,

‘I fear our salutation would be long:

‘So loving, too, I fear that you would eat me.’

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,

To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

NOVELIST.

THE WIDOW—A TALE.

“OH, my child! forsaken by our friends, deserted by the world, and plunged into poverty, what remains for us but death? There, by the grave of thy beloved father, where I have laid thee, lovely innocent, could I see thee breathe thy last, without a pang, and almost with joy, when I reflect on the hardships, the miseries, to which we must inevitably be exposed in our forlorn and unprotected state. Not long since, in the midst of affluence and even luxury, I suspected not what evils fate had in store for us; but fancy pictured the brightest scenes of golden futurity. Oh how fallacious are the hopes of mortals, how treacherous is their security! Suddenly burst the unexpected storm; all the illusive prospect vanished, and the dark gulph of poverty and wretchedness yawned beneath our feet. We sank; who shall save us?”

Thus lamented an unhappy widow, at the grave of her husband. She had lain down

her child to give a loose to her grief: the placid infant slept unconscious of his mother’s woes. Tears at length relieved her oppressed heart, and grief for a moment gave way to the delicious feelings of maternal affection. She raised her child, clasped him in her fond embrace, with a thousand tender caresses, and rose to go away.

As she turned, she saw a gentleman at a little distance behind her, who, she supposed, and rightly, had overheard all her soliloquy.

She started, and was retiring with a more precipitate step, when the stranger thus addressed her:

“Madam, I have overheard some of your passionate exclamations. I could wish, though nothing is farther, I hope, from my disposition than to be guilty of any intrusive impertinence, to be made acquainted with your misfortunes and present situation; for without a knowledge of the complaint it is not possible to apply a remedy. Providence has bountifully bestowed on me the means of relieving, in some degree at least, the wants of my fellow creatures; and I trust also the inclination to afford such relief, as far as may be in my power.”

“Sir,” answered she. “I know not why I should hesitate to relate my story to you. Indeed, after what you have heard, it would be affectation and folly to refuse. Perhaps, if you reside near this spot, you will know it all as soon as I mention the name of my late husband, Mr. Betterton. He was the proprietor of a large, and apparently flourishing, manufactory, at the distance of nearly a mile from this place.

About two months since, he was seized with a fever, which carried him off in three days. His commercial affairs were found embarrassed since, being a man of active and enterprising industry, and highly respected for faithfulness and punctuality in his dealings, he had obtained almost unlimited credit, though the real capital he possessed to support it was but small in proportion to the extensive trade in which he engaged. Had he lived, there is little doubt but a great fortune would ultimately have been the reward of his laborious exertions. But on his death his creditors, conferring together and finding their demands numerous and great, took the alarm, and have, by legal process, divided all they found among themselves. I have nothing secured to me; for I blush not to own it, I had no fortune. The affection of my husband was all my fortune. My relations are poor, and reside at a great distance: to them, therefore, I cannot apply; and those who were my polite friends in my affluence daily shock me with their cold and distant behavior. For myself I heed not this change in their hollow courtesy. The loss of the husband I loved is a blow that makes every other evil seem light, except the fate of my child. O my child!—It pierces my heart to think what will become

of him! how I shall provide for him! To-morrow I must leave my late home, and go I know not whither; but it shall be far from the place where I so lately enjoyed so much happiness, which is now changed into the deepest misery.”

Here she ceased, unable longer to restrain a torrent of tears.

[To be concluded next week.]

USEFUL.

HINTS, THAT MAY BE USEFUL IF ATTENDED TO.

Glaze your Windows.—A broken pane of glass will cost you a cord of wood a winter, and your room still not be comfortable. But do not paste it up with paper, as a rain will beat or wind blow it to pieces; and paper, while it lets in cold, keeps out light. Neither stuff it up with rags—for, (besides the looks!) the rags, if cotton or linnen, will fetch more money than will buy glass; and if they are woolen, the best thing you can do with them is to cut them up, and have them wove into coverlids or carpets.—The cheapest and best mode of stopping windows is to buy as many panes of glass as you have broken, or out, with a little putty, and take an old knife and put them in yourself.

Repair your Stables and build you Cow Houses.—Horses, cattle, or sheep, exposed to cold and wet, require much more food to keep them in good order, and are much more liable to disease, than when they are kept dry and warm. Most of the disorders which carry off so many creatures every spring, are owing to the want of proper care and nourishment during the winter. Set to work therefore immediately, and repair your stables and build you sheds. The former may probably be done with a few boards and nails; and the latter, if you cannot afford one more expensive, set in a few posts at the sunny end or side of your barn, lay poles across, cover them with slabs or even straw or swingle tow, and fence it round with boards or slabs set up palisade fashion—this will afford your cattle and sheep a comfortable shelter to eat their fodder and take their repose. Such shelters cost you but little, trouble or money.—They will save you much provender, and perhaps many lives. And, besides its being your interest, it is your duty to make all the creatures with which providence has blessed you as comfortable as your means allow. [True Amer.]

BLANKS FOR SALE, AT THIS OFFICE.

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